

SM 3406

The Crickets Are Calling.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Allegro.

Piano. *mf*

(Billy.) It's gold-en sum-mer time, and thru the drow-sy
(Jane.) Oh, no! that's not the sound of crick-ets, no such

air. Comes a well known sound, Ris-ing all a-
thing. How came you to make, Such an odd mis-

-round, It's the lit-tle crick-ets Chirp-ing, chirp-ing,
-take? It's the lit-tle fair-ies danc-ing, danc-ing,

T. B. H. Co. 1-3

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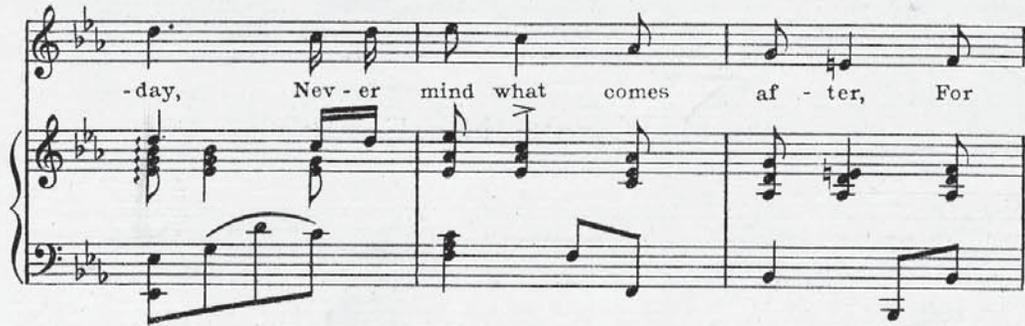
Bid - ding you have done with gloom and care.
Danc - ing in their mag - ic fair - y ring.

Oh, days are gold, and skies are blue,
They laugh and play the long day thru;

And mer - ri - ly they sing to you:
And this is what they sing to you:

The crick - ets are call - ing, En - joy to -

-day, Nev - er mind what comes af - ter, For



Youth was made for Love and Laugh-ter. Time al - ways fly - ing, Be



glad while you may. — That's what they are try - ing to



say. The say.

